Roxbury, Dec. 14, 1873.

My Dear Son: W. P. Garrison 68

On ~~Thursday~~ Friday I received a congratulatory telegram from New York, on my 69th birthday, signed "A. Endell." This greatly puzzled your mother, who was the first to read it, and could not divine who "A. Endell" was, as she pronounced it. Of course, I instantly saw how and where the blunder occurred, and that the felicitation came from our beloved son Wendell, and it afforded us much pleasure. You are hopeful, it seems, that I shall live (at the shortest) to complete my threescore years and ten. It is a curious circumstance that Dr. Evans, of Boston, who is now giving me magnetic treatment for my ailments, and who, like Swedenborg, is able to see and converse with the inhabitants of

Spirit Land, was prompted to say, in behalf of some of my departed friends and co-laborers, that I had ten years additional of work to perform in the service of mankind before exchanging the mortal for the immortal life. And it is still more curious that several mediums, at different times, have volunteered substantially the same statement; all agreeing that I had yet an important mission to ~~perform~~ accomplish. On asking whether it related to my writing a history of the Anti-Slavery Conflict, they unanimously responded in the negative, saying that others could attend to the dead past, but I was needed for the living present. Do not suppose that I accept these assurances as reliable. I mention them only as curious coincidences, and as bettering your prediction as to ~~three score~~ years and ten.

Our company on Friday consisted of the entire Nowell family, (seven,) George and Annie and Lizzie, William, Ellie, and Julia, making, with your mother, Frank, and myself, sixteen persons to sit down together at the tea-table. In the evening Charles Cram, Mary Wells, and Lizzie Simmons joined our circle, and a very enjoyable time we all had until 11 o'clock. Perhaps Frank will give you the particulars.

The new treatment I am trying promises well, as my pains are already considerably mitigated. It is purely magnetic and psychological, without a particle of medicine. Dr. Evans, who is clairvoyant, at once pronounced the trouble in my knee to be inflammatory rheumatism; and this confirms

the diagnosis made by the eminent physician whom you consulted in regard to Lucy's lameness. I am now convinced of its correctness, and that I have erred in supposing that my kidneys ~~are seriously~~ affected — the chemical tests that have been applied ~~grave~~ showing nothing of a ~~serious~~ nature beyond nervous debility.

Whether my remaining days on earth be many or few, I long to be in a condition to be useful to my fellow-creatures; for it is appalling to think of being "a cumberer of the ground." For the final change I hope ever to be ready, come when it may; for in what other way can ill-limitable prayers be made?

In life and in death, ever

Your loving Father